

S O N G S

IN THE

COMIC OPERA

O F

Tom Thumb the Great.

AS IT IS NOW PERFORMING AT THE

M I C R O C O S M

NEAR STEPHEN'S-STREET:



D U B L I N:

A R T H U R G R U E E R.

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M D C C L X X X.



ADDRESS to the AUDIENCE by PUNCH,  
on the OPENING of the MICROCOSM.

HUZZA! my hearts! our MICROCOSMIC Puppet-Show  
Must stand; since fust'ring friends concur to prop it so.—  
Let me be hang'd but I'm in perfect extacy,  
Such a bright blooming bank of the fair sex to see;  
So interspers'd with beaux, in gay variety,  
That it fulfils my wish, ev'n to satiety.—  
For, we, (tho' wooden mimics of humanity)  
Are not such blocks as not to feel th' urbanity  
Of your obliging readiness to come to us  
In our new edifice,—well, an't it sumptuous?—  
Are not all quondam much-complain'd of grievances  
Amplly redress'd by our well-plann'd contrivances?  
Have not our brains been rack'd, and our poor purses drain'd,  
To shew that no convenience was by us restrain'd?  
Have we not built a cover'd way to shelter you;  
Where no blasts ruffle, rains wet, or suns swelter you;  
A green room,—lucky thought! where lolling at her ease,  
STELLA may listen to her STREPHON's flatteries  
And point against his heart all her masqu'd batteries;  
Here may of scandal-spreading prudes forget her awe,  
Adjust her dress, balls, parties, drums—& *cetera*.—  
Your entrance to our room last year, was odious:  
But our new CORRIDOR is quite commodious.

Our MICROCOSM shines with a splendid dignity  
Which may defy the cavils of malignity,  
And flatter us with hopes of your benignity.

Then on the inside, many faults are mended too,  
Things, in no puppet show 'till ours, attended to.—  
Observe, in true perspective, stage and gallery,  
Not like our former dog-hole, squeez'd and all awry :  
Observe our lights arrang'd in order curious,  
Nor to the audience or the scene injurious.  
Observe our high-rais'd benches curv'd with symmetry,  
If any thinks he can outdo us, he may try.—  
Ingress and egress, now, are free and elegant,  
What more is wanting?—by my conscience! tell I can't,—  
Save WELCOME ;—which I snatch this opportunity  
Of giving in the name of our community.

Thrice welcome *all!*—our lib'ral hospitality  
Is not confin'd to rank alone, or quality,  
'To charms or wealth :—(yet if we made a difference)  
Such surely are entitled to some preference.  
Our doors are shut to none ; except such trumpery  
As never ought be seen in decent company ;  
With that riff-raff we evermore must be at war,  
And drive with ignominy from our Theatre.

Plain folks may enter and be seated happily ;  
Unless they shame themselves by dressing shabbily.  
DECORUM is our guide rever'd, our governor,  
Whose well-digested laws admit no sloven here.  
For if a peer come like a porter jacketed,  
Retire he must :—tho' up he raise his back at it,  
And storm, and fume, and bounce, and flounce, and racket it.  
All this may shew what studious care we have of you ;

Now

# A D D R E S S .

Now, in return, one favour let us crave of you;

The ladies' *caps* are risen to such enormity,  
That, far from being a grace, they're a deformity:  
(For gauge a modern female's height;—I'll venture on't  
Ten guineas that her *face* is found the centre on't.)

In such a room as ours they're quite preposterous;  
A senseless nuisance.—But, I'll not be boisterous.

No. (*kneels*) PUNCH upon his knees in all humility,

Implores *you*, the true patterns of civility,  
To lay them by when e'er you deign to visit us,  
'Tis for the common good I'm thus solicitous.

Do, lay them by; hide not each other from our view:

Else 'tis indifferent whether many come or few.

The kind polite compliance well would suit you all

And each would feel the condescension mutual.

(*Turns aside still kneeling and clasping his hands.*)

O Nature! hear my pray'r;—submit I ask your aid

To free your master-pieces from this masquerade;

You form'd them perfect; artless you intended them;

But French-frizeurs have, for the worse, since mended them. }

Why will they punish *us* who ne'er offended them?

(*He rises and comes forward.*)

Nought can be call'd a *show*, where nought is to be seen,  
Where ev'ry bodies' light some huge head-robe is in.

The eye shou'd have free scope to rove ad libitum.— }

Our scenes are fine; but we in vain c<sub>o</sub>ntribute 'em, }

If, only to gauze-caps, we can exhibit 'em.

Suppose, the men a fancy took to wear their hats  
With the broad leaves slouch'd down; enough to scare the rats.  
Wou'd you not think it rude? and call them Savages  
Who, on your comforts, made such horrid ravages?

But

But they'll not dare to do it—in *this* place I mean,  
 They know there's a point I could disgrace 'em in  
 And of my vengeance give the clowns a specimen.—

Now to conclude : if you bring dispositions  
 Vacant to harmless mirth, our exhibitions,  
 (Devoid of ribaldry and malice sinister  
 Some food, perhaps, to such light mirth may minister :  
 We our best efforts will exert, to coax you here :  
 And you will candid smile when our arch jokes you hear.  
 You have too much good sense and are too affable  
 Not to laugh out at what is truly laughable.  
 You know,—that all our pleasantries here local are,  
 That our performances are pastimes jocular,  
 To please the auricular organ and the ocular.

But who so comes resolved on peevish criticism,  
 Watching to pick an hole for some flat witticism,  
 Smartly with trite *Joe Miller's Jests* to tickle us,  
 We caution him to curb his gibe ridiculous.  
 Our stage shall be no butt, to vent his jest upon :  
 We're thorns, we're thistles; we shall sting if prest upon.  
 And tho' we scorn the sneers of such wit-coalheavers,  
 Yet we have *Rowlands* ready for their *Olivers*.—  
 On their defeat we will erect a grand trophy,  
 Prizing one gen'rous plaudit from philanthrophy  
 More, than we dread the hiss of all misanthrophy.

P R O-

## P R O L O G U E.

*The Curtain rising, discovers Merlin sitting at a table, covered with black; a large volume inscribed with magical figures open before him, after a while, he shuts the book and speaks.*

THE spel's wound up,—the mystic page I close,—  
GNOMES, to your posts!—each elf his station knows.  
(*Waves his wand, and comes forward, addressing the audience.*)

To night, the force of MAGIC skill to prove,  
I mean t'exhibit PUPPETS that can move  
Spontaneously;—nay more; can speak, can sing,  
Fight,—laugh,—make love,—in short, do any thing;  
Endu'd with transient life, for some three hours,  
And, in contracted size with human pow'rs  
They, for that while, with action, speech and dress,  
Shall welcome all my friends to this recess;  
Shall cringe, shall shrug, and sprawl along the stage,  
Aping their brother blockheads of the age.

Fear not, how'er, these tiny apparations:  
I warrant 'em of harmless dispositions.—  
'They sha'n't approach you nearer than I stand:—  
(I keep 'em under excellent command;)  
Nor be surpriz'd at aught they say or do:  
They're for the time as much alive as you.

An OPERA compleat they shall display,  
 That finish'd from the heated dawn of day,  
 The mimic visions all must fade away.—  
 Then from his wooden shell each *Sylph* retires,  
 Leaving the senseless log,—to kindle fires.

I scorn'd to ransack ancient *Greece* or *Rome*  
 For fable; (we've enough of that at home:  
 My subject is domestic: 'tis TOM THUMB.—  
 His martial prowess CÆSAR's far exceeded,  
 THUMB freed his country—(that was more than he did.)  
 And cou'd have won himself a crown if needed.  
*Giants* he quell'd and *rebels* he subdu'd,  
 Nor in his *country's* wounds his hands imbru'd;  
 No; TOM was more than *great*;—for he was *good*.—  
 Let not his stature prejudice your mind,  
*True worth* is to no certain *size* confin'd,  
 The *least* may be the *greatest* of mankind.—

Such the bold heroe, who to-night appears;  
*He* against *Spanish Dens* and *French Monsieurs*,  
 Was fit to lead brave IRELAND's VOLUNTEERS.  
 With such a chieftain, soon *that* valiant host  
 Would humble GALLIA's and IBERIA's boast,  
 And drive the dastards trembling from our coast.  
*That* gallant CORPS' insatiate thirst of FAME,  
 Sanction'd by glorious LIBERTY's fair name,  
 Must draw,—(what I too hope,) *your* joint acclaim.

A C T.

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# SONGS, &c.

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## A C T I.

AIR I. Duetto. *Lady Berkley's Whim.*

DOODLE.

SURE such a day,  
So renown'd, so victorious,  
Such a day as this was never seen.  
Courtiers so gay,  
And the mob so uproarious;  
Nature seems to wear an universal grin.

NOODLE.

Arthur to Dol,  
Is bobbish and uxorious,  
She and Huncamunca fall—to tipple, talking tawdry;  
Even

Even Mr. Sol,  
So tifted out, fo glorious,  
Shines as at a ball—in jewels and embroidery.

DOODLE.

O! tis a day  
Of jubile cajolery;  
A day we never faw before,  
A day of fun and drollery.

NOODLE.

That you may fay,  
Their majesties may boast of it;  
And fince it never can come more,  
'Tis fit they make the moft of it.

DOODLE and NOODLE.

O 'tis a day, }  
That you may fay, } &c.

DOODLE and NOODLE.

Sure fuch a day, }  
Courtiers fo gay, } &c.

A I R II. By ARNE.

SO the cock-sparrow, at the barn door,  
Huge flocks of turkies hops before;

The

( 11 )

'The lubber red-heads scornful eyes,  
Nor, at their noisy guggling, lies.

A I R III. *Lillies of France.*

QUEEN.

WHAT, tho' I now am half seas o'er,  
I scorn to baulk this bout.  
Of stiff-rack punch, fetch bowls, a score,  
'Fore George, I'll see them out.

II.

But, sir, your queen 'twould ill become,  
T'indulge in vulgar sips,  
No drop of brandy, or of rum,  
Shall pass these royal lips.

A I R IV. *Carrolan's Rant.*

KING ARTHUR.

WHEN a dame of high taste, and of eminent class,  
Is witch'd to the charms of a chiripping glass,  
One virtue at least, the kind Nipperkin has ;—  
She, meek as a lamb, is made by it.—  
If madam's high passions unruly become,  
Spouse leaves her a cogue of rack, brandy, or rum,—  
Let's her swill, swill, swill, swill, 'till she's tight as a drum:  
Her swilling to both will give quiet.

A I R

A I R V. *Water parted from the Sea.*

TOM THUMB.

CROWNS I ask not,—those my sword  
Can atchieve me, when I please,  
Nor of riches, ask an hoard,  
I have got enough of these.  
If my deeds you deem a debt,  
One grant can the debt annul;  
Let me Huncamunca get,  
Then, I'll sign receipt in full.

A I R VI. *Traveller benighted.*

TOM THUMB.

AS when the chimney-sweeper  
Has all the live-long day,  
Thro' darksome paths, a creeper,  
Pursued his sooty way.  
At night, to wash, with water,  
His hands and face, he flies,  
And in his t'other tatter,  
With his Brickdusta lies.

A I R VII. *Giles Colin.*

GLUMDALCA.

BUT alas! the great Thumb, with his dead-doing blade,  
Despoiled all the twenty of life;

Of

Of giants, one score, me the widow he made,  
But he promised to make me his wife.

A I R VIII. LAMPUGNANI,

QUEEN.

SUCH vile alliance  
My brain has flurried ;—  
Your base defiance  
Of me is horrid.  
Look to your forehead,  
There fifty giants  
Long horns shall plant :  
With fifty giants  
I will gallant.  
My kind compliance  
'They shall not want.  
A cat, dog-worry'd,  
Will scratch and maul —  
My vengeance stirred  
Shall tear you all.

A I R IX. *Rakes of Mallow.*

KING.

WE kings, who are in our senses,  
Mock our comforts' violences ;  
Pishing at their moods and tenfes,  
Our own will we follow.

When

When the husband, once, gives way  
To the wife's capricious sway,  
For his breeches he, next day,  
May go whoop and hollo !

A I R X. SABATINO.

GRIZZLE.

King Arthur from my fury,  
Not Merlin's pow'r shall save,  
My boist'rous hurry-durry,  
Shall dig his kingdom's grave.

A I R XI.

QUEEN.

On a *nothing*, such as this is,  
Shall my girl her love misplace ?  
In a bridal-bed, the bliss is,  
To have SOMETHING to embrace.

A I R XII. Duetto.

QUEEN.

LIAR, avant !  
Thy saucy taunt  
Is a proof of Tom's desert.  
He will break  
That scurvy neck,  
If on him thou dar'st fling dirt.

GRIZZLE.

Yes, yes, I go,  
But, Madam ! know,  
(Since your majesty's so pert,)  
That a flood  
Of your pet's blood ;  
To allay the storm, shall spurt.

QUEEN.

( 15 )

QUEEN.

Go to hell!

GRIZZLE.

O mighty well!

QUEEN

GRIZZLE

}

Thither hie to feed the blaze!

I am glad I know your ways.

QUEEN.

My sweet creature

To bespatter,

Quick or dead, I'll ne'er forgive.

GRIZZLE.

'Tis my nature,

Not to flatter,

Take my word, he shall not live.

QUEEN

GRIZZLE

}

I'll ne'er forgive.

He shall not live.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.



A C T II.

A I R I.

QUEEN. *Non Dubitar.*

I N that dear hope, how many live  
Whom wedlock's slavish fetters gall !  
O what would some fine ladies give  
'To deck an odious husband's pall !

Then succeeds

Gay gallanting,

Widow's weeds,

Oh enchanting !

A modish wife, e'er one spouse die,  
Will have another in her eye.

B

A I R

A I R II. *Doodle-doo.*

PLUMANTE.

AS adown the mill-race quâaking  
Duck and drake swim close, love-making;  
So will we, in blanket cuddle,  
Miss Plumante with her Doodle.  
Doodle, doodle—doo.

A I R III. *To its own Tune.*

TOM THUMB.

YES, yes, whole days and nights and years  
I'll eat her up with love,  
And still my raptures 'twill improve  
That rivals shake their ears.  
Such a banquet of joy,  
Can ne'er cloy;  
Like a glutton the whole I'll devour:  
And replete  
With the sweet,  
As a babe at the teat,  
Tho' bursting, will whimper for more..

A I R IV. *Moggy Lauder.*

NOODLE.

'TIS politic to walk incog.  
Beneath one hood, two faces;

Be

Be who will miller, I'll be dog,  
Thus great one's keep their places.  
I'll kiss my thumb, and take the oath  
To Pompey and to Cæsar,  
So playing cat in pan to both,  
Am vicar still of Bray, sir.

A I R V. *Pallido Il Sole.* By HASSE.

GHOST:

PALE death a prowling,  
Dire omens scowling.  
Doom thee to slaughter,  
Thee, thy wife and daughter;  
Furies are growling.  
With horrid uproar.  
Grizzle's rebellion  
What need I tell ye on?  
Or, by a cow red,  
Tom Thumb devoured!  
Hark! the cock crowing,  
I must be going.—  
I can no more.

A I R VI. *French Ballad.*

KING.

IF a man could foreknow,  
What he must undergo,

And escape it so,  
 Good it were to know;  
 But if though he know,  
 He must undergo,  
 What good is't to know,  
 He must undergo.

A I R VII. *Heigh-ho.*

FRIZALTA.

WOULD you know the obstruction that hinders  
 Her blood in its channels to flow;  
 Why she craunches lime, chalk, and coal-cinders,  
 And mopes, and sits sighing heigh-ho!—  
 I'll tell you, sir, where the shoe pinches,  
 (My own feelings witness, 'tis so,)  
 Prescribe her an husband,—that drench is  
 Probatum for curing heigh-ho!

A I R VIII. *A French Burletta.*

HUNCAMUNCA.

LONG against my will, in keeping,  
 (Of the Gew-gaw tir'd, to weeping,)  
 I, without joy,  
 Have held my virgin-toy.  
 'Twas my dread  
 Apes in hell to lead,  
 The common fate of an old maid:

But

But thank my stars, that fright,  
Little 'Tom puts to flight:  
He, with new delight,  
At night,  
Will set all these matters right.

A I R IX. *By* MARSH.

KING.

YET, tho' you win the hero to your arms,  
Hope not t'engage him wholly by your charms;  
Various his duty, various his delight,  
Now, 'tis his turn to kifs,—and now to fight,  
Anon, to kifs afresh.—See, mighty Jove,  
When, with excessive thundering, tir'd above,  
Slips down to earth, just takes a snack, and then,  
Up to his trade of thundering mounts again.

A I R X. *A Ballad.*

GRIZZLE.

IN hurry I post for a licence,  
In hurry, ding dong, I come back.  
For that you sha'nt need bid me twice hence,  
I'll there be, and here, in a crack.  
Hey jing!  
My heart's on the wing,

I now

I now could leap over the moon :  
Let the chaplain  
Set us a grappling,  
And we'll stock a baby-house soon.

A I R XI.

HUNCAMUNCA.

TO drop such broad hints of your vigour !  
For shame !—do but see how I blush,  
Yet, I think, you should be a thought bigger,  
On labours so arduous to rush.  
Howe'er, if you'll stick to your promise,  
To people, with Thumbs the whole land,  
Pro Patria,—sweet father Thomas !  
I cannot deny you my hand.

A I R XII. *The Lad for me.*

TOM THUMB.

That pettifogging Grizzle, I find, is your gallant,  
Who, like an hedge-attorney, cogs my title to supplant :  
Shall he with you, join issue ?—no, by my soul, he sha'nt.  
For Tommy is the lad, the lad for thee.

A I R

A I R XIII. *Christ-Church Bells.*

GLUMDALCA.

O the vixen, pigmy brat,  
Of inches scarce half six !  
To flight me for a chit like that !  
Ah, Mr. Tom, are these your tricks ?

HUNCAMUNCA.

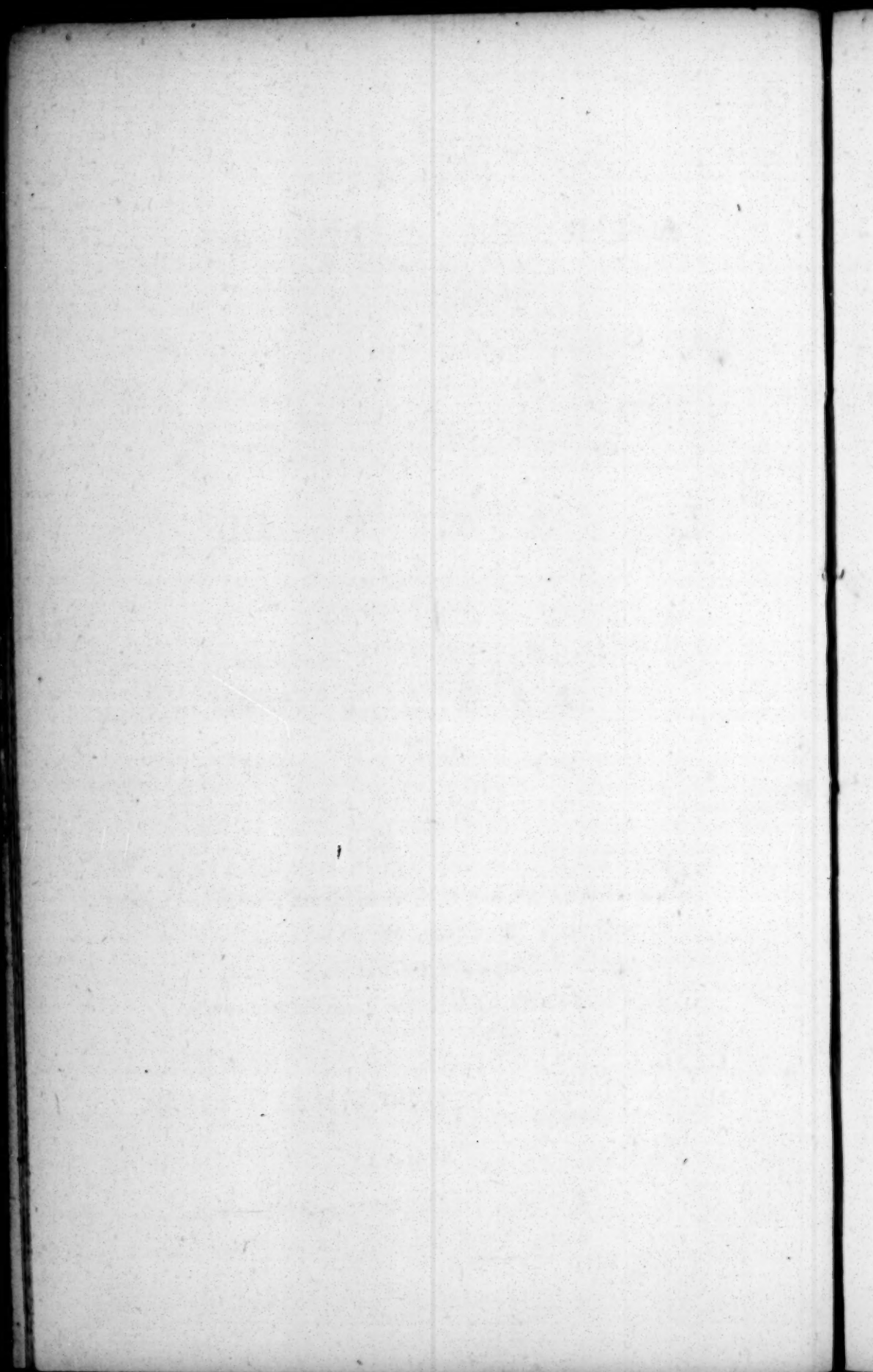
O the coarse falacious trull,  
Who giant spouses ten and ten  
To bed can pull,  
With hugs can lull,  
Yet still would gull  
Young gentlemen.

TOM THUMB.

Little, little, little, little, little tho' I be,  
I scorn the sturdy strum ;  
Nor ever, she  
My dear, from thee  
Shall debauch thy true Tom Thumb.

|        |   |   |                 |       |
|--------|---|---|-----------------|-------|
| GLUM.  | - | - | O the vixen     | } &c. |
| HUNC.  | - | - | O the coarse    |       |
| T. TH. | - | - | Little, little, |       |

END OF THE SECOND ACT.



A C T III.

A I R I. *By* MARSH.

DOODLE.

**K**ING Arthur's in love, knuckle deep, speed the plough!  
Glumdalca's his doxy, his punky;  
Our queen Dollalolla's as drunk as a sow,  
And a-béd with Tom Thumb, Miffy Munky.

A I R II. *Ghosts of every Occupation.*

GRIZZLE.

LONG, I will not wear the willow,  
Long, I will not hug the pillow;

In

In my breast a storm is brewing,  
Which shall spread fire, sword and ruin  
O'er those desolated coasts.  
This proud Arthur down shall knuckle,  
Dollalolla too shall truckle ;  
Huncamunca shall knock under,  
Her I'll ravish, them I'll plunder.  
In fierce battle,  
I will rattle,  
Sinking, damning,  
Slashing, cramming  
Ev'ry chink of hell with ghosts.

A I R III. *A French Burletta Tune.*

GLUMDALCA.

MY ambition to fire, since he ventures,  
'Tis a lion, he plucks by the beard,  
I'll be crown'd, or interr'd.  
If with me the Lifts he once enters,  
I will so mash him,  
Abash him ;  
So crash him,  
So smash him,  
And hash him,  
That where to sculk he shall not know ;  
His brows adorn,  
Each night and moro,

Wit

( 27 )

With the horn  
Of scorn.

How I'll equip him, time will shew.

A I R IV. Duet. *Of a Noble Race was Shenkin.*

KING.

COME, don't be coy or mulish;  
I love you past expressing,  
By granting soon,  
The am'rous boon,  
You will enhance the blessing.

GLUMDALCA.

I'm sure I must look foolish,  
By thus slap-dash complying;  
But all my life,  
Spinster, or wife,  
I never lik'd denying.

KING.

Dull forms we can abolish]  
Time's lost, if we defer it;  
Then here's my fist,

GLUMDALCA.

I can't resist  
I lad of such true spirit.

KING

( 28 )

KING.

Dull forms we can abolish.

GLUMDALCA.

Time's lost, if we defer it.

KING. }  
GLUM. } - - Then take my fist.

KING. }  
GLUM. } - - I never kiss'd  
- - I can't resist

KING. }  
GLUM. } - A wench of nobler } spirit.  
- A lad of such true }

A I R V. *In Infancy.*

QUEEN.

In bed when women lye awake,  
(We wives can't always sleep)

At ev'ry little noise we quake,  
And close and closer creep.

When press'd and warm,  
In spousy's arm,

(Let thunders rock the house)

We mock at frights,

We value sprights,

Not three skips of a louse.

A I R

A I R VI. *I saw an Old Woman tofs'd up in a Blanket.*

HUNCAMUNCA.

It is not the being six feet, or six inches,  
That can the prowess decide of a man;  
Him the true hero we call, who ne'er flinches,  
What tho' his size be as short as my fan.

If all your  
True valour,  
Resides in the blood,  
Which whisking,  
And frisking,  
Denotes bottom good.

Tom Thumb for my money!—his furious attacks,  
Make women their faces, and men turn their backs.

A I R VII. *Come let us prepare.*

DOODLE.

I wish your cause well,  
But, I'd see it to hell,  
E'er the scuffle, my sword I would draw in.  
No.—I'll wait to divide,  
On majority's side,  
And then pay it off, with huzzaing.

A I R VIII. *Was ever Nymph like Rosamond.*

TOM THUMB.

My deeds in liquid warbling's sung,  
Before the beauteous and the brave,  
My praise the theme of Eunuch's tongue,  
Ha! ha! ha'-d! in my grave.

With

With caro here, and bravo there,

Encore !

Encore !

O that would make a dead man stare.

A I R IX. *By ARNE.*

GRIZZLE.

MY body is a bankrupt's shop,  
My cruel creditor's grim death,  
Who puts to life's brisk trade a stop,  
And will be paid with this last breath.

A I R X. *Roast Beef.*

TOM THUMB.

A chine of roast beef is the Englishman's food,  
The Englishman's drink is a cup of home brew'd,  
This diet to love and war kindles our blood.  
O the roast beef, &c.

A I R XI. *Flocks are Sporting.*

HUNCAMUNCA.

Safe from quarrels,  
Crown'd with laurels,  
Full of love and full of play.  
(Too long from me)  
Comes my Tommy  
Welcome as the flowers in May.

A I R XII. *Babes of the Wood.*

NOODLE.

Behind his back  
She made th' attack,

The

The while he huff'd and bluster'd,  
And at one sup,  
Swallow'd him up,  
As Aldermen do custard.

A I R XIII. *Dirge.*

Woe! woe! woe! woe!  
To his long home,  
Gone is Tom Thumb.  
Alas! why did he go?

II.

'Midst groaning,  
And moaning,  
Death strides, triumphant, now,  
For, by grim fate,  
Lies Tom the Great,  
Entomb'd in the red Cow.

III.

May belly-ach,  
Her bowels rake,  
May gripes her entrails swell!  
While we in pity,  
Howl this ditty,  
At his wake,  
All tolling! ding, dong, bell.

A I R XIV. *Pantomime Tune.*

KING.

How like a fool upon his throne,  
Looks a king, his subjects gone;  
None but a coward, would survive,  
When only he is left alive.

V A U-

V A U D E V I L L E.  
C H O R U S O F A L L.

Hey for potent Necromancie !  
Our short life to that we owe ;  
Merlin's art, and brilliant fancy,  
Have produced this PUPPET SHOW.

KING.

Nor, is't strange, his incantations,  
Should of senseless logs make players ;  
What but logs in corporations,  
Are dull Aldermen and Mayors ?  
Chorus, Hey, &c.

QUEEN.

Courtiers, soldiers, politicians,  
Meer logs now we justly call,  
Lawyers, Churchmen, and Physicians,  
What but Graduates of Log-Hall.  
Chorus, Hey, &c. AP 54

TOM THUMB.

Ladies only are exempted,  
From wit's general defect,  
They, from such as dare attempt it,  
Will our PUPPET-SHOW protect.

C H O R U S O F A L L.

Hey for potent Necromancie !  
Our short life to that we owe ;  
Merlin's art, and brilliant fancy,  
Have produced this PUPPET-SHOW.



